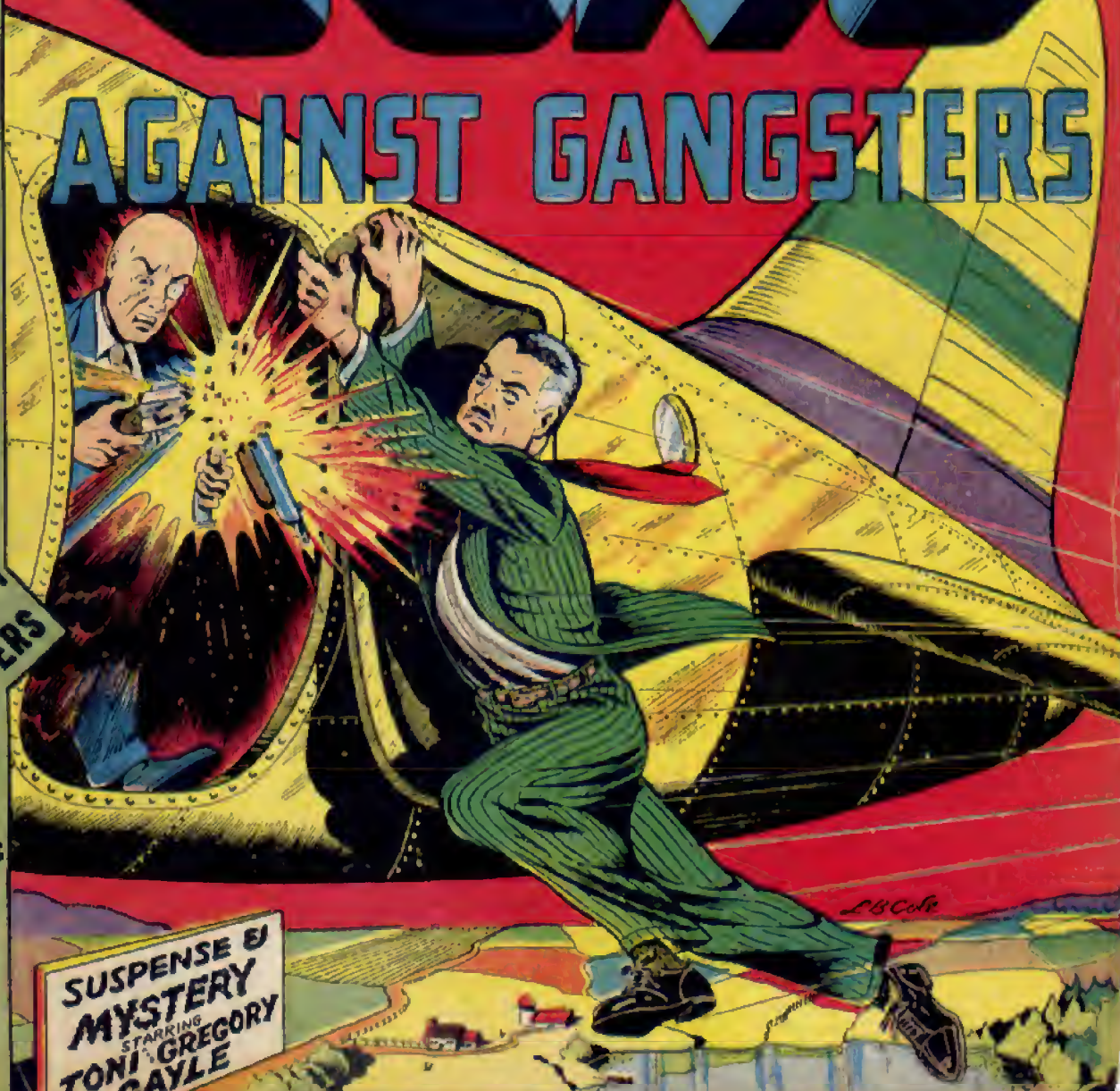


JAN.-FEB.

CURTIS
DISTRIBUTED

GUNS

AGAINST GANGSTERS



G
U
N
S

AGAINST
GANGSTERS

VOL. 1 - NO. 3



10¢

SUSPENSE &
MYSTERY
STARRING
TONI GREGORY
GAYLE



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"FIRE AT WILL!"

Readers' shots that hit the mark

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

We have been reading all the fan mail you wrote us since the first issue of GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS went on sale. Your letters have helped us plan this issue and good issues for the future.

"Toni Gayle" still is the most popular girl detective of the age. The fans who raved about her in CRIMINALS ON THE RUN are now singing her praises in the new magazine. They and all of her new-found friends will soon have an additional opportunity to follow her adventures in 4MOST.

Starting with the January-February issue of 4MOST, on sale at your favorite newsstand November 26, "Toni Gayle" tracks down criminals and mischief-makers in that magazine.

Why not resolve to follow her adventures in both books—GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS and 4MOST.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS.

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

My girl friend didn't like to read crime stories until I told her about the comic GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. She read it and said it was super. She liked "Toni Gayle" best.

I agree with her very, very much. I think "Toni Gayle" is the most exciting and best drawn story of all. I wish you would draw longer stories.

My father surprised me very much. You see, he usually hints about me bringing home silly, unbelievable comics, as he calls them. But this time I caught him reading your comic, GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS. He said it was the only interesting comic I had ever brought home. So keep up the good work.

Very truly yours,
Shirley Storm
North Hollywood, California

Dear Editors:

I like "Toni Gayle" because she is not supernatural like most crime-fighters.

The pictures are expertly drawn and are printed in bright colors which make the story more interesting to read.

A very satisfied reader,
Phillip Stout
Louisville, Kentucky

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading your new comic magazine GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS, Volume 1, Number 1.

L. B. Cole certainly drew a marvelous cover. There are two things that I like best about the cover.

First: Even though four different men are shooting at the crook, no blood appears.

Second: The word GUNS in large print certainly stands out on the newsstand.

The most exciting story is "Toni Gayle". In the "Case of the Cobra" Toni did some real quick thinking.

Geo, Toni has the cutest turned-up nose.

A sincere fan,
Conetta Laguzza
Poughkeepsie, New York

Dear Editors:

I think your comic book is awful. The only good strip is "The Gunmaster". What you should do is cut out "Toni Gayle" and put in more stories. Have one main story and put it in the front. Keep "The Gunmaster". I assure you that you will sell many more issues.

Sincerely yours,
Dick Isabel
Uniontown, Pennsylvania

Dear Sirs:

"The Gunmaster" to my knowledge is the best strip on an expert who knows guns and how to handle them. The page on pistols helps all the readers of GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS get a clear picture of the different guns in use in many countries.

Yours truly,
Ronald Ritoch
Dover, Delaware

* * *

Dear Editors:

I greatly approve your new comic book. I like to read "Toni Gayle" and "The Gunmaster" because they are very exciting and well drawn. I would like longer stories.

I vote for you when you say this comic is easy on the eyes. Thanks for a most remarkable magazine, GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS.

Sincerely yours,
Shirley Prince
Holdenville, Oklahoma

Buy U. S. Bonds!

ADDRESS MAIL TO GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

THE GUNMASTER

GREGORY GAYLE



TWO MILES ABOVE THE EARTH, THE GUNMASTER BATTLES TO SAVE HIS LIFE, AND SOLVE "THE MYSTERY OF THE MILLION-DOLLAR CARBINE"!

SURROUNDED BY HIS WORLD-FAMOUS GUN COLLECTION, GREGORY GAYLE RELAXES FROM HIS DUTIES AS A CITY DETECTIVE. A MR. KURT STUFEL WANTS TO SEE YOU, DAD. HE SAYS IT'S IMPORTANT.

SHOW HIM IN, TONI.

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director

GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS, Vol. 1, No. 3, January-February, 1948, published bi-monthly by The Premium Group of Comics, a Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P.O. Box 1488, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., Editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A., copyright 1948 by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$1.00 per year (10 issues) in U.S.A. Application for entry as Second-Class matter at Philadelphia, Pa. is pending. All characters and incidents described or depicted in stories (except those based on history or fact) are fictitious. Any resemblance to living persons is a coincidence.



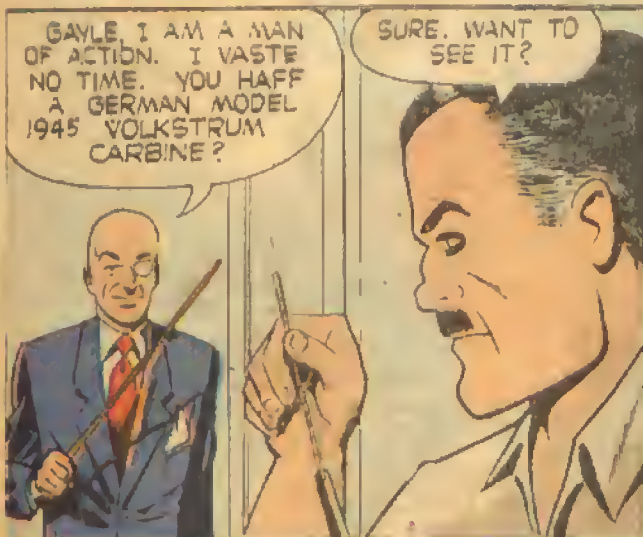
GO IN MR. STUPEL... BUT I DOUBT IF DAD WILL PART WITH ANY OF HIS GUNS!

AH! THANK YOU, MY LIEBCHEN!



HERR STUPEL HE WILL NOT REFUSE! I CAN BE VERY UN-PERSUASIVE!

AND DAD CAN BE VERY STUBBORN!



GAYLE I AM A MAN OF ACTION. I WASTE NO TIME. YOU HAVF A GERMAN MODEL 1945 VOLKSTRUM CARBINE?

SURE. WANT TO SEE IT?



NO, I WANT TO BUY IT! ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR I GIFF YOU.

A THOUSAND BUCKS! I GOT IT FOR FIFTY!



HOWEVER, IT'S NOT FOR SALE!

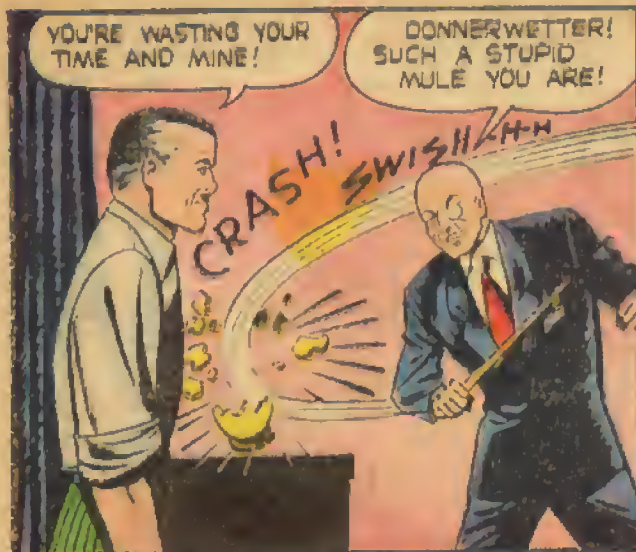
DON'T BE INSANE, GAYLE! I GIFF TWO THOUSAND!



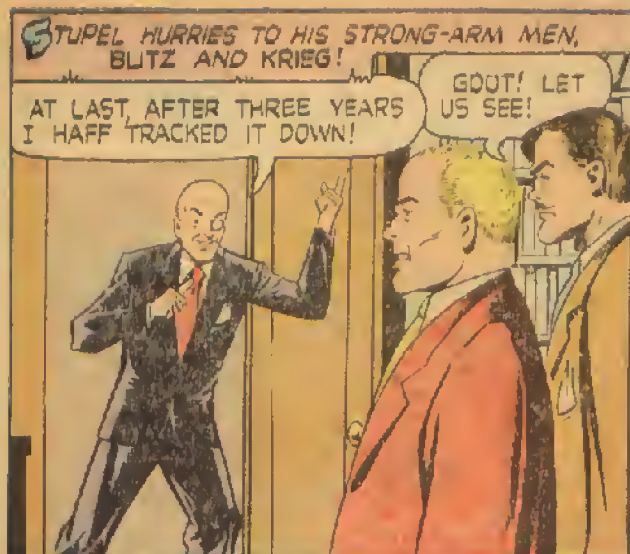
THIS GUY IS TOO ANXIOUS. SOMETHING'S PHONY!

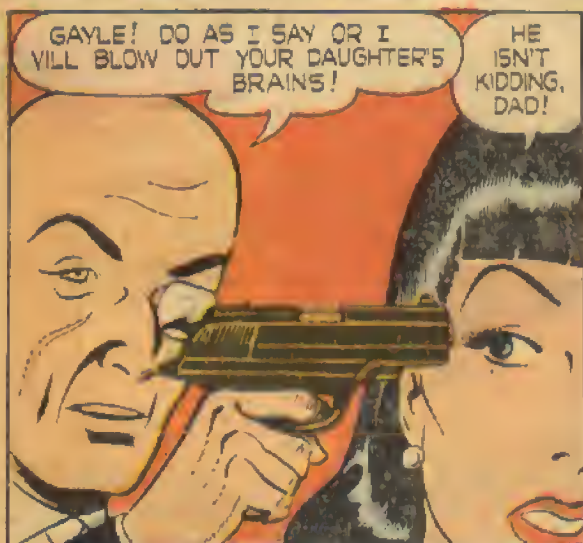
YOU ARE MAD-- BUT SO AM I! I GIFF FIVE THOUSAND!

SORRY, NO DEAL!

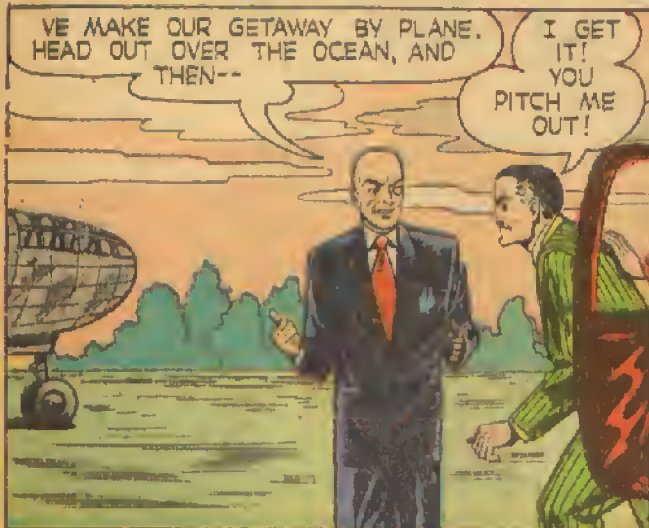
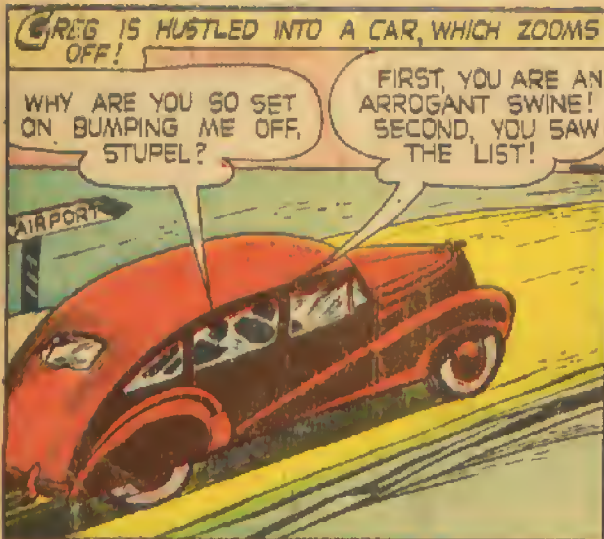


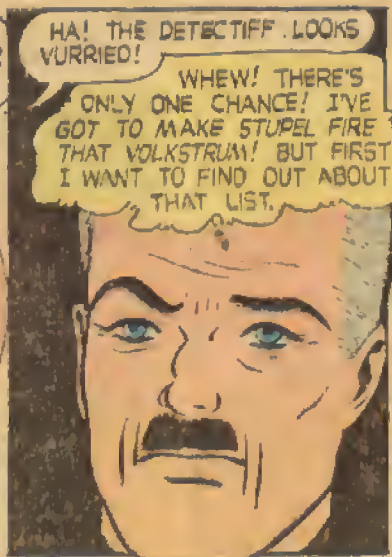
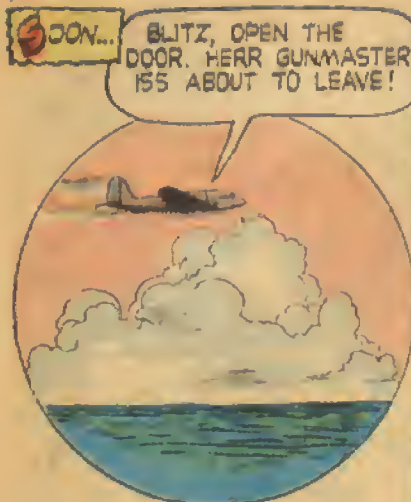
Easy on the eyes. This comic has large, clear print.





Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



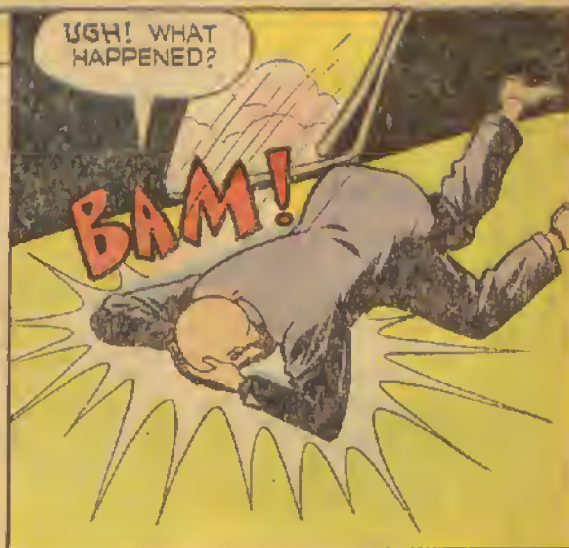


Excitement and fast-moving action in this magazine. Careful editing, too.

BUT INSTEAD OF GOING OFF, THE GUN EXPLODES!



UGH! WHAT
HAPPENED?



VY DID DER GUN
BLOW UP?

BECAUSE I LOADED IT
WITH HIGH-POWER CARTRIDGES
OF THE WRONG SIZE! I
FIGURED THIS MIGHT
HAPPEN!



I'LL TAKE THAT
GUN, THANKS.



I KILL YOU
YET!

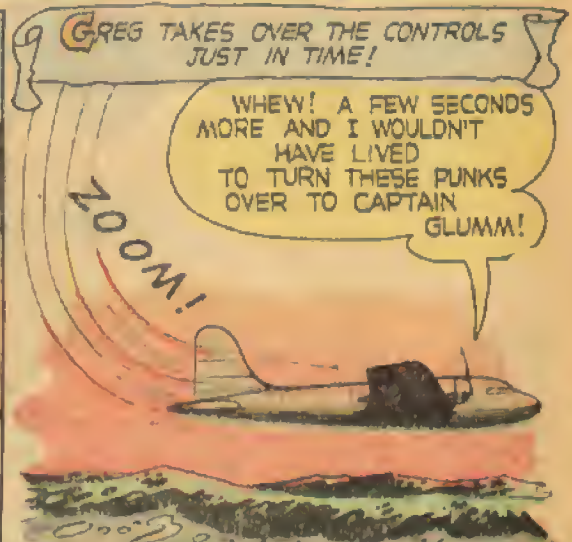
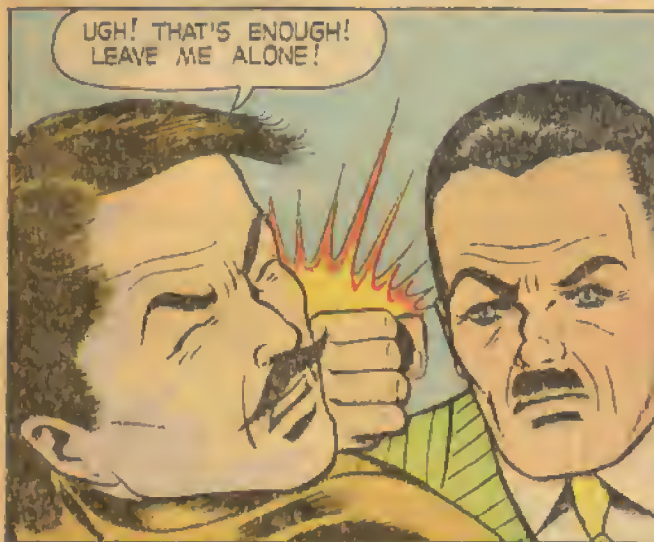


GREG TRADES SHOTS WITH STUPEL.

OW!

THAT TAKES CARE OF
BLITZ AND STUPEL!
NOW FOR THE PILOT!

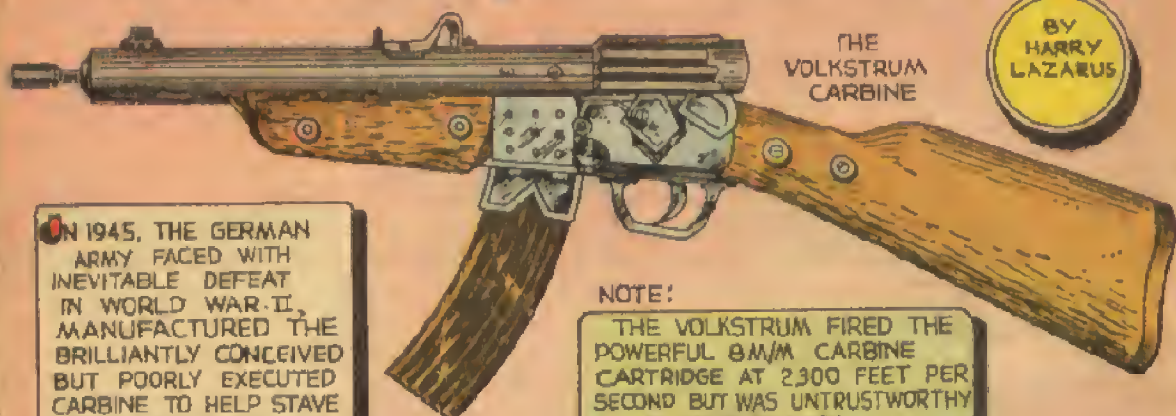




Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

THE VOLKSTROM

GERMANY'S LAST EFFORT IN WORLD WAR II



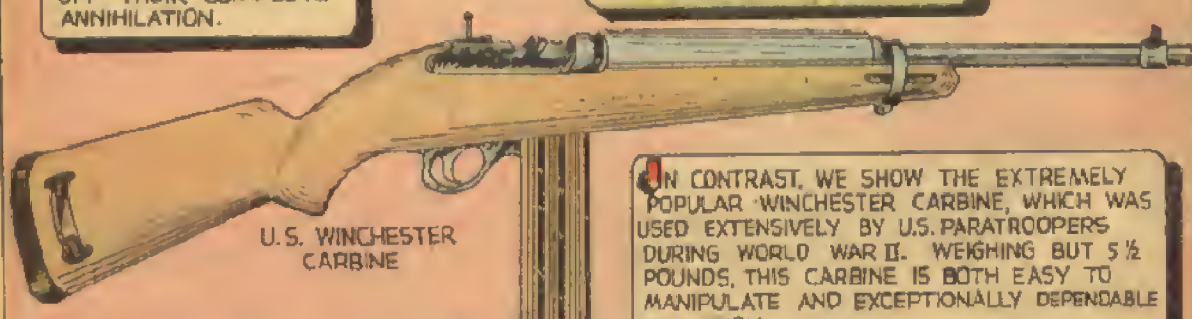
THE
VOLKSTROM
CARBINE

BY
HARRY
LAZARUS

IN 1945, THE GERMAN ARMY FACED WITH INEVITABLE DEFEAT IN WORLD WAR II, MANUFACTURED THE BRILLIANTLY CONCEIVED BUT POORLY EXECUTED CARBINE TO HELP STAVE OFF THEIR COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.

NOTE:

THE VOLKSTROM FIRED THE POWERFUL 8MM CARBINE CARTRIDGE AT 2,300 FEET PER SECOND BUT WAS UNTRUSTWORTHY IN PERFORMANCE.



U.S. WINCHESTER
CARBINE

IN CONTRAST, WE SHOW THE EXTREMELY POPULAR WINCHESTER CARBINE, WHICH WAS USED EXTENSIVELY BY U.S. PARATROOPERS DURING WORLD WAR II. WEIGHING BUT 5 1/2 POUNDS, THIS CARBINE IS BOTH EASY TO MANIPULATE AND EXCEPTIONALLY DEPENDABLE IN ACTION.



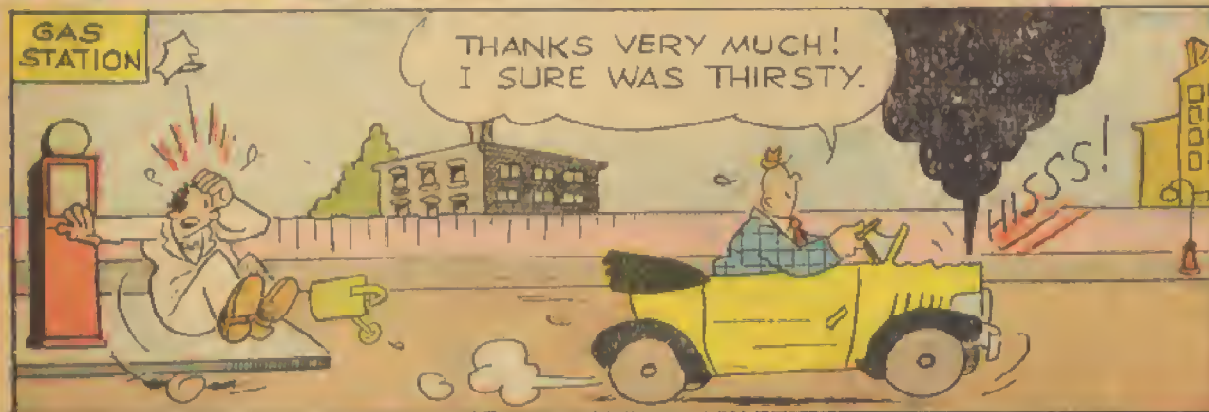
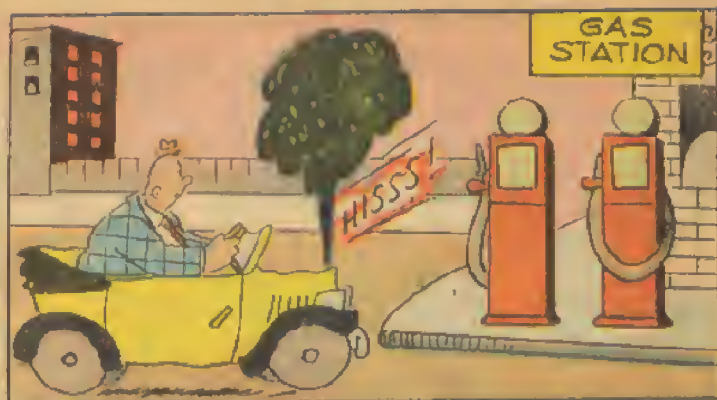
GERMAN
SEMI-AUTOMATIC
RIFLE

HERE WE HAVE AN ATTEMPT BY THE FORMER GERMAN ARMY TO DUPLICATE AMERICAN INGENUITY. THIS GERMAN SEMI-AUTOMATIC RIFLE WAS THEIR COUNTERPART OF THE FAMOUS AMERICAN GARAND RIFLE. HOWEVER, AS IN THE CASE OF MOST OF GERMANY'S WARTIME WEAPONS, THIS MODEL IS OF INFERIOR QUALITY.

ANY
WEAPON,
REGARDLESS
OF ITS QUALITY,
IS DANGEROUS
AND SHOULD BE
HANDLED ONLY BY
THE EXPERIENCED.

TWO-TON O'TOOLE

BY ART HELFANT,



True!

LIVES OF CRIME

BRING DOOM
TO
CRIMINALS.

IT WAS A GAY CARNIVAL NIGHT AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. BUT GAIETY TURNED TO HORROR WHEN MURDER STRUCK. SEE HOW A KEEN-WITTED CORONER RELENTLESSLY TRACKED DOWN THE KILLER IN THIS TRUE CRIME MYSTERY: "THE CARNIVAL KILLINGS"!

CAN YOU FIGURE
OUT
WHO DUNNIT?

ON A JUNE NIGHT IN 1897...
THE STUART AND WHITE
WAGON SHOW WAS PLAYING
IN ST. LOUIS.

HURRY! HURRY! WATCH
THE GREATEST SHOW ON
EARTH! RITA RIVERS,
THE BEAUTIFUL, SINGING,
DANCING GIRL! GET YOUR
TICKETS! HURRY! HURRY!



SHE AUDIENCE CROWDED INTO THE
TENT--RITA BEGAN HER FIRST NUMBER
WHEN SUDDENLY...

OH! SHE'S
BEEN
SHOT!

BANG!
BANG!

Look for "Curtis-distributed" on covers of the carefully-edited Premium Comics.

SHE'S DEAD...THE SHOTS
CAME THROUGH THE BACK
OF THE TENT.. ANYONE
SEE ANYTHING ELSE?

JUST THE ...AND THE TWO
BULLET HOLES THE
FLASH... BULLETS MADE
IN THE CANVAS!

OTHER PERFORMERS
SAY YOU HAD MORE
THAN A BUSINESS
EYE FOR
BITA RIVERS. I D

SURE, WHO
WOULDN'T? LOTS
OF MEN WERE
INTERESTED. BUT
I DIDN'T SHOOT HER.
I WENT RIGHT OUT
WHEN I HEARD

JOE WAHL'S
RIGHT!

I WAS IN MY WAGON--NO.40...
EATING MUSHROOMS WHEN I HEARD
THEM SHOTS...I RUN OUT TO THE
WAGON PLATFORM AND SEEN JOE
IN FRONT OF THE TENT...IF YA
REALLY WANT TO KNOW WHO
DONE IT...

THAT'S WHAT
WE'RE HERE
FOR!

HIM! THE STRONG MAN,
LOU BONKY! HE WAS CRAZY
IN LOVE WITH RITA! HE
TOLD ME A COUPLE OF DAYS
AGO, IF HE COULDN'T GET HER,
NO ONE
WOULD!

I WAS
JUST
TALKING.
I GOT
AN ALIBI,
YOU PEE-

WEE TROUBLE-
MAKER!

I'LL SLAP YOU
DOWN WITH ONE
FINGER! I'LL--

EASY, BONKY!...THIS
WON'T HELP YOU, BUT
AN ALIBI MIGHT. WHERE
WERE YOU WHEN MISS
RIVERS WAS MURDERED?

BONKY'S ALIBI: HE WAS HAVING HIS FORTUNE TOLD...

YOU SAY
BONKY WAS
HERE,
MME. THERESE?

YES, THEN WE
WERE TOLD THERE'D BEEN
A MURDER... THE CRYSTAL
SHOWED HAPPINESS FOR
HIM WITH A
FINE WOMAN... THAT'S THA

THAT'S THAT...
BONKY'S ALIBI...
COME ON, DOC...

OTHER CARNIE FOLKS WERE QUESTIONED--TICKET SELLERS, JUGGLERS, CLOWNS--AND THE ACROBATS, MURRAY AND EDNA DUNCAN.

MY WIFE AND I WERE IN OUR WAGON. I WAS EATING PIE SHE BAKED...

AND I WAS IN OUR DRESSING ROOM, GETTING READY FOR OUR ACT!

EVERYONE WAS SOME-PLACE ELSE--YET RITA RIVERS WAS MURDERED!

THEN A CANDY VENDOR WHISPERED SURPRISING NEWS!

LISTEN, LOU BONKY LIED ABOUT BEIN' IN THERE'S TENT AT THE MURDER TIME. I SAW HIM LEAVE WHILE RITA WAS STILL OUTSIDE GIVING THE COME-ON!

BACK TO THERESE'S DOC.

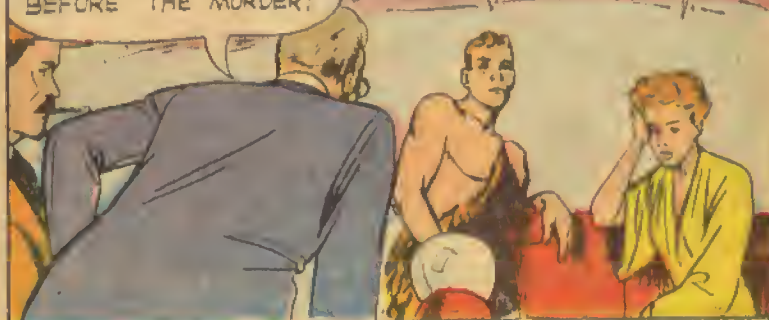


MEANWHILE... STICK WITH ME, LOU, AND YOU'LL BE HAPPY. SHE WASN'T FIT FOR YOU--A LITTLE FLIRT--I HATED HER!

MAYBE YOU KILLED HER, THERESE, OUT OF JEALOUSY! BOTH OF YOUR ALIBIS HAVE EXPLODED! BONKY WAS SEEN LEAVING HERE BEFORE THE MURDER!

ALL RIGHT. I LIED... I WAS SCARED... BUT I'M INNOCENT!

OF COURSE HE IS... SO AM I...

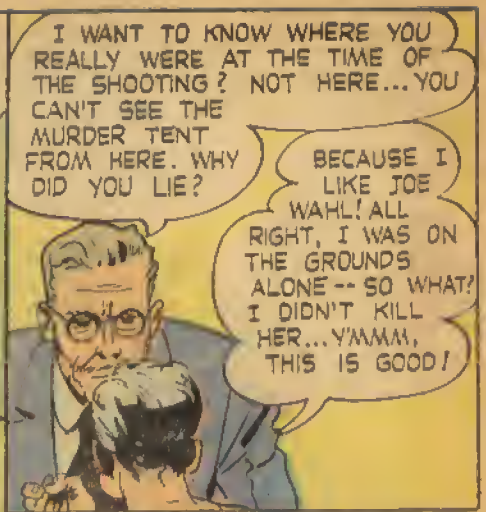
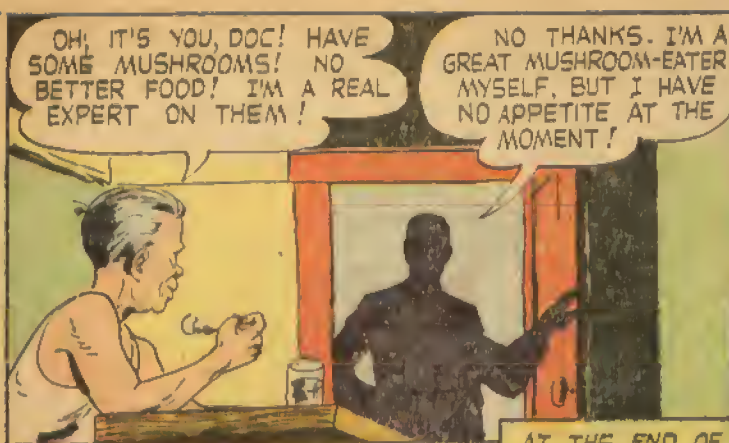


THEY EACH HAD A MOTIVE... KEEP QUESTIONING THEM... THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT TO LOOK INTO.

ANOTHER STORY BUSTED! THE MURDER TENT CAN'T BE SEEN FROM THE PLATFORM OF PAT LOWE'S WAGON, SO PAT COULDN'T HAVE SEEN JOE WAHL IN FRONT OF IT! PAT LIED!



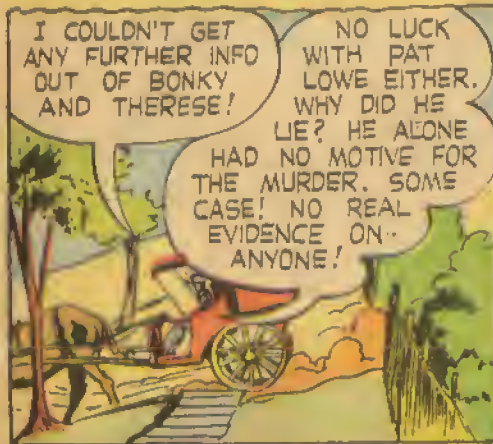
No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



LATER, A DISCOURAGED PAIR START BACK TO HEADQUARTERS...

AT THE END OF THE WEEK, THE SHOW WAS SCHEDULED TO LEAVE.

THERE WAS STILL NO EVIDENCE FOR WHICH ANYONE COULD BE HELD!



BUT DR. UDELL DIDN'T GIVE UP.

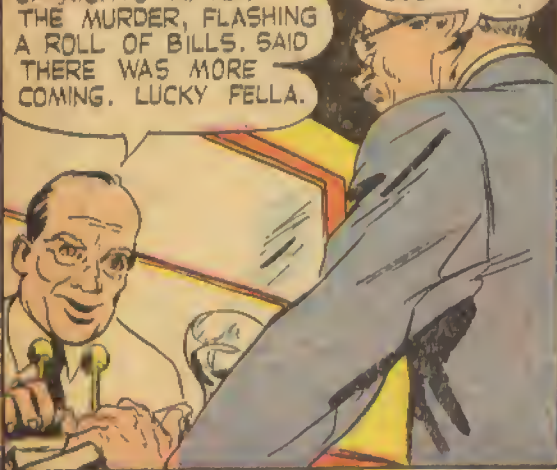
PAT LOWE MUST HAVE LIED ABOUT HIS WHEREABOUTS TO COVER UP FOR SOMEONE... MAYBE HE HAD SEEN SOMETHING. I'M GOING TO ASK QUESTIONS AT CAFES AND SALOONS NEAR THE CARNIVAL GROUNDS! THE SHOWFOLKS FREQUENTED THEM!



THE WEEKS ROLLED ON; AUGUST, AND STILL NO RESULTS. THEN ONE NIGHT AT THE THREE DOOR SALOON...

PAT LOWE CAME IN HERE A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AFTER THE MURDER, FLASHING A ROLL OF BILLS. SAID THERE WAS MORE COMING. LUCKY FELLA.

UH-HUH! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!



DR. UDELL HURRIED TO CHICAGO WHERE THE CARNIVAL WAS PLAYING -- TO QUESTION LOWE AGAIN... BUT...

PAT LOWE DEAD! WHEN? HOW?

DIED TWO NIGHTS AGO AFTER EATING POISON MUSHROOMS. HE PICKED A BATCH IN A LOT NEAR HERE, AND EDNA DUNCAN COOKED THEM FOR HIM.



THAT NIGHT--IN A LARGE SHOW TENT...

I CALLED YOU ALL TOGETHER BECAUSE
I KNOW WHO KILLED RITA RIVERS!
ONE OF YOU HERE IS THE MURDERER!



WHO?

WHO KILLED
RITA RIVERS?

DO YOU KNOW?

WHAT LED
DR. UDELL
TO PICK
THE
MURDERER
FROM
ONE
OF THESE?



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR THE SOLUTION !



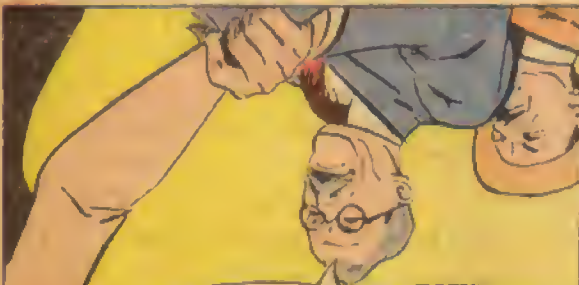
AFTER A COURT
TRIAL IN NOVEMBER,
EDNA DUNCAN WAS
SENTENCED TO DEATH
IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.
WHILE AWAITING
EXECUTION, SHE WENT
ON A HUNGER STRIKE.
ON NOVEMBER 18, 1927,
THE WOMAN WHO HAD
COMMITTED MURDER
WITH FOOD DIED IN
HER CELL FROM LACK
OF IT!



ALL RIGHT! I KILLED HER. SHE
WAS SO BEAUTIFUL--AND PLAYING UP
TO MY HUSBAND! I SLIPPED OUT
OF MY DRESSING ROOM AND SHOT
HER; H'D THE GUN... TOO BAD PAT
SAW ME... I GOT TIRED OF PAYING
HUSH MONEY TO HIM!
NOW YOU'LL START
PAYING FOR YOUR CRIME,
MRS. DUNCAN! COME ON!



YOU BOUGHT ARSENIC UNDER AN
ASSUMED NAME. THE CLERK
DESCRIBED YOU PERFECTLY. PAT
DIDN'T DIE ACCIDENTALLY; YOU
PUT ARSENIC IN THE MUSHROOMS
YOU COOKED FOR HIM BECAUSE
HE WAS BLACKMAILING YOU! HE
HAD SEEN YOU SHOOT RITA
RIVERS!



HAVEN'T I? PAT LOWE'S DEATH GAVE
ME PROOF. HE WAS AN EXPERT ON
MUSHROOMS, KNEW ALL THE VARIETIES.
HE CERTAINLY KNEW ENOUGH NOT TO
PICK POISON MUSHROOMS BY MISTAKE!
REALIZING THAT, I CHECKED ALL DRUG-
STORES IN THIS VICINITY....



YOU, MRS. DUNCAN!
NO! THAT'S
ABSURD! I KILL
RITA? HA-HA!
YOU HAVEN'T AN
OUNCE OF PROOF!

Parents: To improve comics, write letters. Praise good editing, criticise careless work.

A Change for the Worse



BEYOND the wink of the small gas station's neon come-hither, Bennie Farrell could see the red glow in the sky that was the city of Glenvalley. Glenvalley meant freedom—but Bennie didn't want freedom, if it included Frank. Frank who had remembered him in prison. Bennie grinned wryly. Frank remembered that \$20,000 stashed away—remembered that Bennie was the only who knew where it was. But Frank had kept his promise. Once over the wall, Bennie'd found the suit where Frank had said it would be—and the gun.

Bennie didn't like the suit. It was an off-shade of lavender and strictly not from Brooks Brothers. But he liked the gun. The weight of it in his pockets felt good as he hunched his shoulders into the rain and headed for the small gas station. With any luck here he'd be able to lift enough to get him a long way from Glenvalley and the waiting Frank. He might even make it to Piney Ridge.

He opened the door and waited for the attendant. His senses sharpened and tingled as he fingered the gun and curled his hand around its butt. It was like the old days. His brain seemed to speed up when he had a gun in his hand. He noticed the cans of oil, the exact number of tires in a rack—the radio blaring at all and sundry to be on the watch for someone called The Lucky Traveller. He recognized it as a program he'd heard in prison—something called *Humans Are Hilarious*—always pulling some fool gag and giving away a small fortune for answering questions. He heard footsteps coming toward the rear door. An

old guy with once-red hair and a stubbled chin ambled toward him.

"Good evening," smiled Bennie. "This is a stick up." He poked the gun at the attendant and motioned toward the cash register. "Empty it," he said.

Perhaps he was too intent on the old guy pulling cash out of the till to hear the door open. But what made him turn was a blast of cold air on his neck. He got a look at a blue coat, brass buttons, and a half-drawn police positive. Bennie took one wild shot at the cop and tore out the rear door just as a .38 slug ripped into the framework near his head. He didn't stop running until he had gone through a patch of woods and reached the turnpike that ran north into Glenvalley on the other side.

He stood under a tree and cursed. He cursed his luck. He cursed that blasted purple suit Frank had got for him—there probably wasn't another one like it in the world, and the cop had got a good eyeful. He couldn't try another stick-up now; and he couldn't even go into Glenvalley. He'd be picked up in a minute. And what if Frank heard he was near town? Then he'd be looking for him too. He didn't want that. He'd give up before he cut Frank in on that \$20,000. Frank had served his purpose and now he was done with him. He felt sick to his stomach as he remembered the roll of dough the old bird had put on the counter. There'd been enough there to take him to South America if he'd wanted; enough for a ticket to Piney Ridge anyway.

The wail of a police siren cut short such thoughts. It was over on the other highway

but it gave him the creeps. They were after him and if he didn't get out of here, they'd get him sooner or later. He felt trapped, cut off. He had to do something and he had to do it fast.

He heard the spinning of tires on wet concrete, the hum of a powerful motor. This was no cop's car. Now the headlights were bearing down. Almost without thinking, Bennie walked onto the road and wagged his thumb. The car rolled to a stop and Bennie crawled in. This was incredible luck.

"Thanks," said Bennie to the lone driver. "My car got a flat and I drove it into the woods back there—thought I'd have to hike it to town."

"Glad to give you a lift," smiled the driver. "I'm quite a traveller myself," he said slowly. "I know what a flat can be like."

"Umm," said Bennie. He wasn't listening. He was thinking fast and hard like he always did when he was in a jam. This guy was all alone—he was about Bennie's size and he was wearing a suit that Bennie admired—a gray flannel chalk stripe. There was a green carnation in the buttonhole. That appealed to Bennie, too.

Suddenly Bennie bent double, grasped his stomach and moaned. The car stopped. The driver bent over him. "What's wrong, fella—?"

That was as far as he got. Like a rattlesnake Bennie uncoiled and hit the driver precisely behind the left ear with his pistol butt. With a sigh the man slumped over the wheel. Quickly Bennie exchanged suits and dragged his unconscious victim out into the roadside weeds.

As he headed again towards Glenvalley, Bennie checked the gas gauge. It was full. If he drove all night, he'd be in Piney Ridge by morning. There was a deserted farmhouse in Piney Ridge and stuffed under the eaves was a small green box. There was \$20,000 in that box. Once he got his hands on that, he'd do a fade out and Frank and

the boys could go chase themselves. So could the cops. For the first time since his break out of stir, Bennie began to relax. Now there was time to think of other things. Food, for instance. Restaurant food—and maybe a drink. It had been a long time.

He passed a lot of cops on his way through Glenvalley but none of them even looked at him, and now completely at ease, he pulled up in front of a roadhouse that said "Chicken Coop—Southern Fried Chicken." He fished the pockets of the suit. In the trousers he found two wrinkled five spots.

The radio was playing softly at the bar as he ordered. From the kitchen came whiffs of frying chicken. This was the life—but not half as good as it would be once he got to Piney Ridge . . .

A waiter was placing his order before him when someone grabbed his arm. "It's him!" yelled an excited voice. "It's him!"

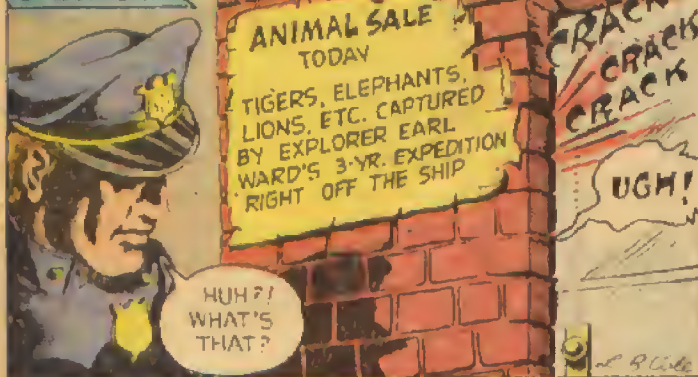
Bennie whirled, fear and shock contorting his features. His gun was half out of his pocket when something hit his head and he went spinning into blackness.

Through a lifting fog Bennie Farrell heard someone talking. It was the voice that had yelled in the roadhouse. "I was sure it was him—like it said on that *Humans Are Hilarious* program—he was dressed just like they said—striped suit and a green carnation,—you've heard it. 'Spot the Lucky Traveller and win a thousand dollars.' But when he started to pull that gun—"

"Yeah," said another voice that Bennie knew by instinct belonged to a cop. "He thought you recognized him as Bennie Farrell—lucky I happened to be passing behind him at just that moment. I might not have noticed him otherwise. He tried to stick up Kelly's gas station tonight. Took a pot shot at me." The cop laughed harshly. "He sure picked the wrong guy to change suits with. Lucky Traveller. Huh! This bird's going to travel back where he came from—the state pen." THE END

CRIME RUN-DOWN *You Spot The Clue!!*

ONE NIGHT, THREE SHOTS RING OUT FROM A WATERFRONT BUILDING...



THE POLICEMAN POUNDS AT THE DOOR, AND FINALLY GAINS ENTRY.

I'M EARL WARD. MY CREDENTIALS. I KILLED THIS CROOK IN SELF-DEFENSE. HE WAS AFTER THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS I GOT FROM TODAY'S SALES!

UWAAA! I BETTER CALL HOMICIDE. MR. WARD!



CAPTAIN GLUMM AND DETECTIVE GREGORY GAYLE ARRIVE, AND SEARCH THE DEAD MAN.



YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, MR. WARD!

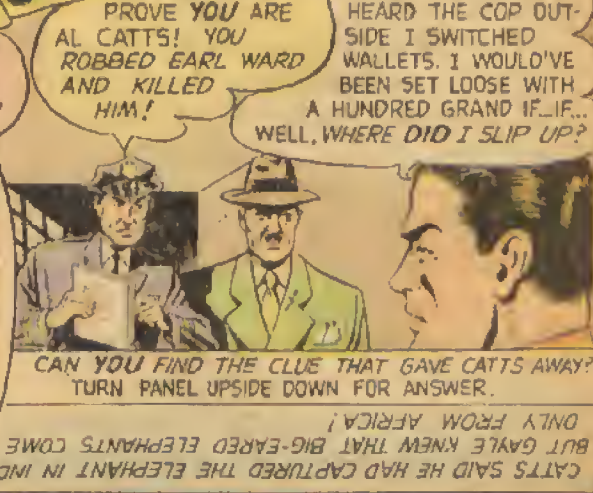
NOT AS CLOSE AS WHEN I CAPTURED THAT ELEPHANT IN INDIA, OR WHEN I TRAPPED THESE LIONS AND TIGERS!

NO NEED TO HOLD YOU FOR FURTHER QUESTIONING, MR. WARD. RUN ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS! YOU DID THE DEPARTMENT A FAVOR!

BUT SUDDENLY...

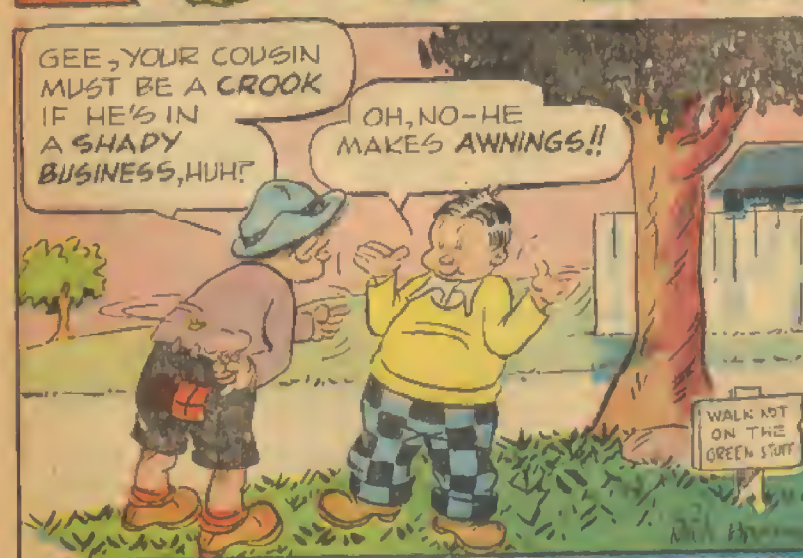
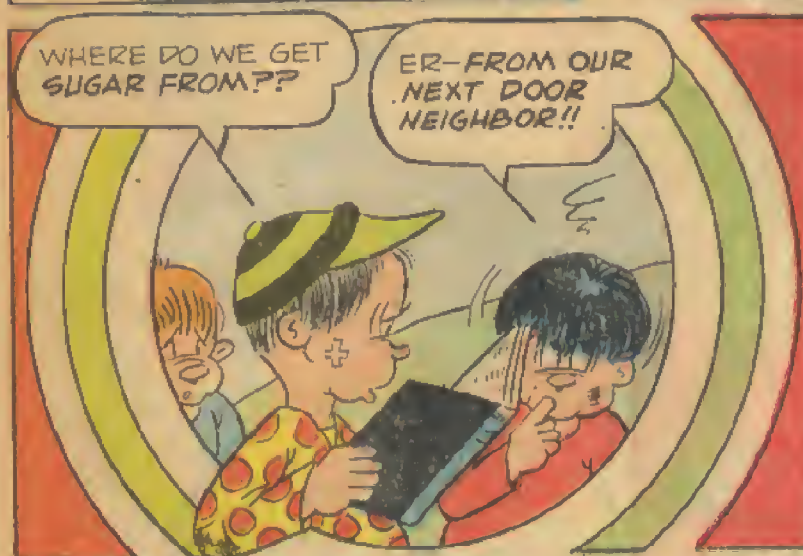
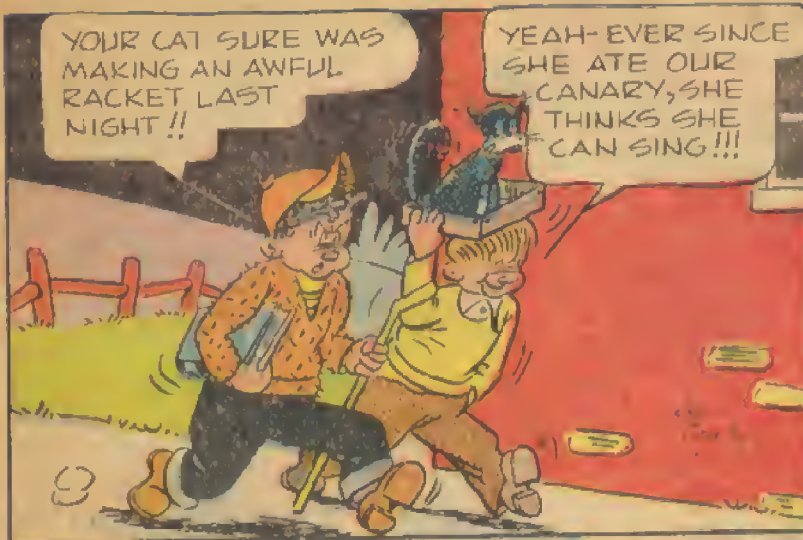


LATER...



CAN YOU FIND THE CLUE THAT GAVE CATTS AWAY? TURN PANEL UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWER.

CATTS SAID HE HAD CAPTURED THE ELEPHANT IN INDIA, BUT GAYLE KNEW THAT BIG-EARED ELEPHANTS COME ONLY FROM AFRICA!



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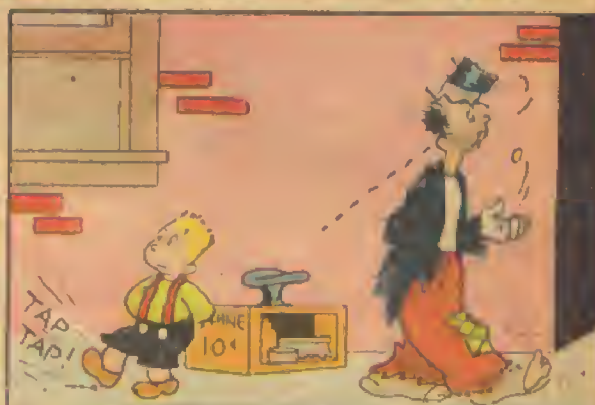
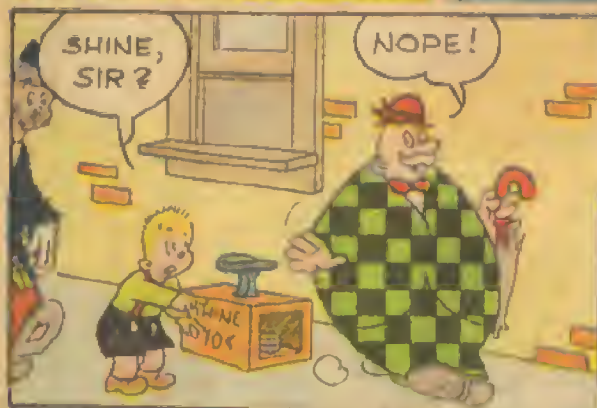
SADDLE RING

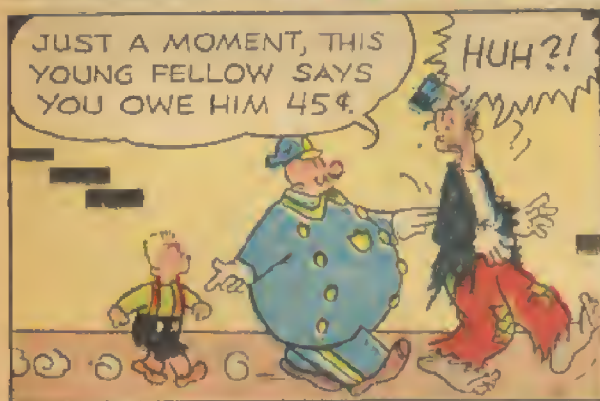
Authentic replica of championship rodeo saddle! Handsomely formed from solid Sterling Silver by expert silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's, Children's styles. Sent on approval!

SEND NO MONEY! Just slip ad and mail \$2.98 with name, address, ring size and style. Pay post. with only \$2.98 plus tax and postage on arrival. Or send cash and we mail postpaid. Wait for 5 days. If not delighted, return for refund.

WESTERN CRAFTSMEN • Dept. 255B Omaha 1, Nebraska







All comics are not alike. First read and compare them, then criticise.

TONI GAYLE



PARIS-BOUND ON A LUXURY LINER, THE BEAUTIFUL MODEL MEETS A BAFFLING MYSTERY IN THE CASE OF THE FAT, THIN MAN!

'BYE, TONI! GIVE THEM PARISIANS AN EYEFUL OF AMERICAN FASHIONS AND STEER CLEAR OF CRIME-BUSTING!

I HOPE SHE LIKES MY BON VOYAGE GIFT, MR. GAYLE!



GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS



I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT TY GAVE ME, BIFF!



OOOH! IT'S A BEAUTY!!



TY, YOU WONDERFUL DOPE! THIS MUST HAVE COST SIX MONTHS' SALARY!



HERE'S A KISS FOR EACH OF YOU!

TY'S YELLING SOMETHING BUT THERE'S TOO MUCH NOISE! I CAN'T HEAR HIM!



The NEPTUNE SHOVS OFF.

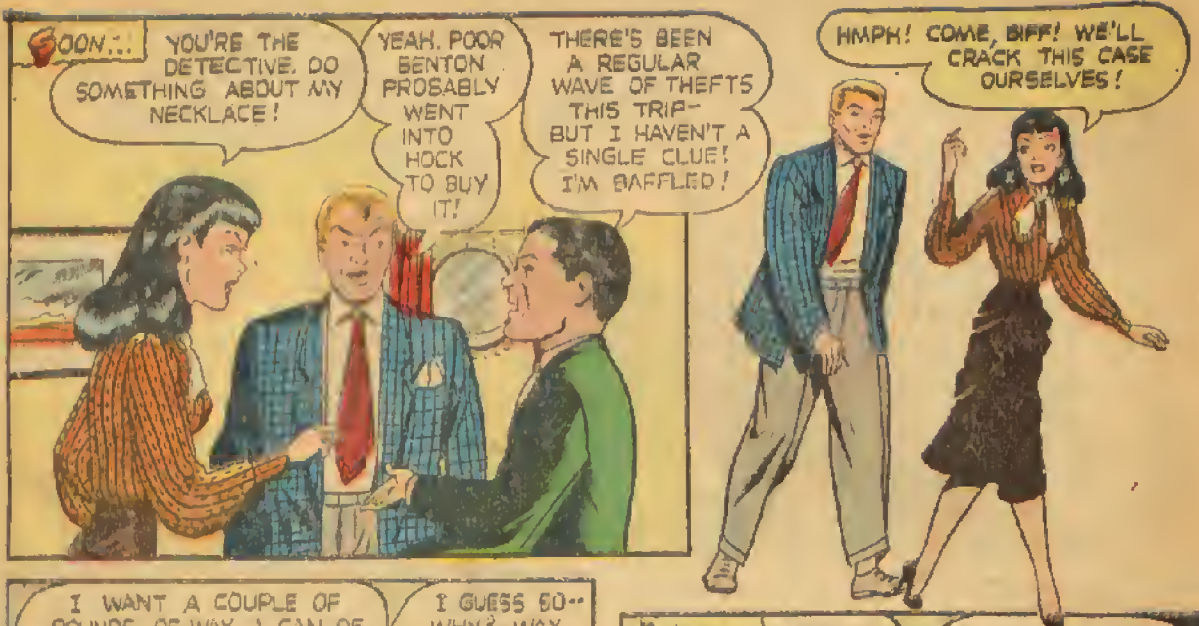
TY'S A DEAR. I'LL NEVER PART WITH THIS NECKLACE, BIFF!



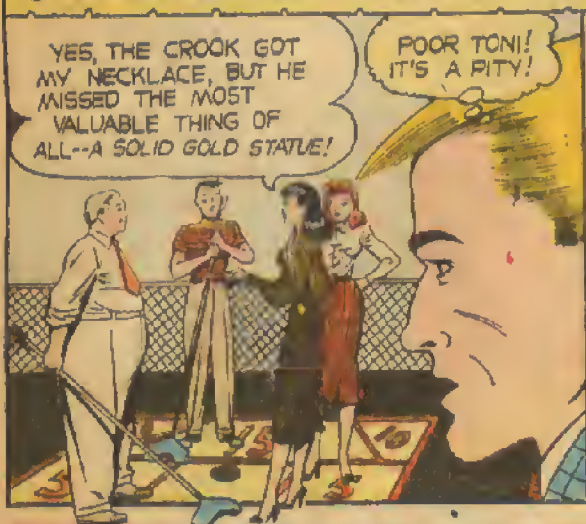
HOWEVER, TWO DAYS LATER, FAR OUT AT SEA...

YIPE! MY NECKLACE IS GONE! SOMEONE STOLE IT! BIFF! GET THE SHIP'S DETECTIVE!

Read "The Gunmaster" in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



TONI HASTENS TO SPREAD THE NEWS THROUGHOUT THE NEPTUNE!



YES, THE CROOK GOT MY NECKLACE, BUT HE MISSED THE MOST VALUABLE THING OF ALL--A SOLID GOLD STATUE!

POOR TONI!
IT'S A PITY!

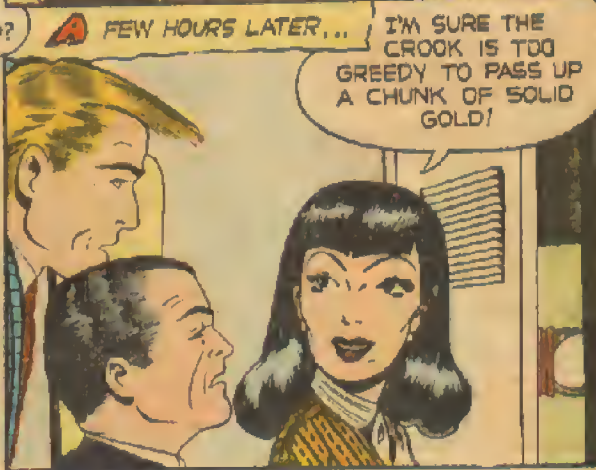
...A GOLD TROPHY I'M TO PRESENT TO THE PARIS FASHION DESIGNERS...AND THE STUPID THIEF OVERLOOKED IT!

BY JOVE!
BET HE'S KICKING HIMSELF NOW!



Finally... WELL, NOW EVERYBODY HAS HEARD ABOUT LILY! LET'S LOAF ON THE DECK, WHILE THE RAT NIBBLES AT THE CHEESE!

YOU MEAN YOU SET A TRAP? I DON'T GET IT!



A FEW HOURS LATER... I'M SURE THE CROOK IS TOO GREEDY TO PASS UP A CHUNK OF SOLID GOLD!



SEE! IT'S GONE!

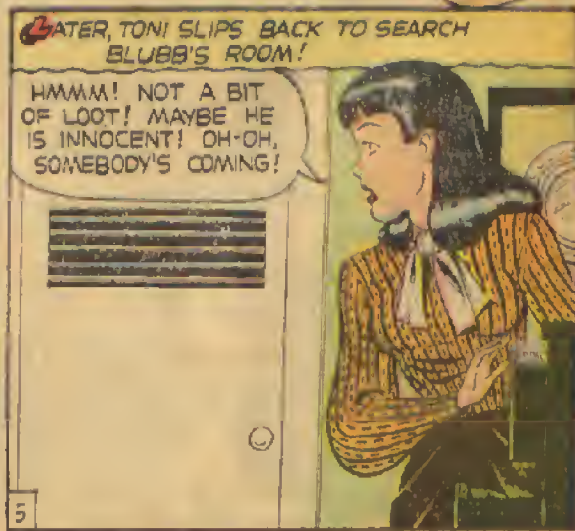
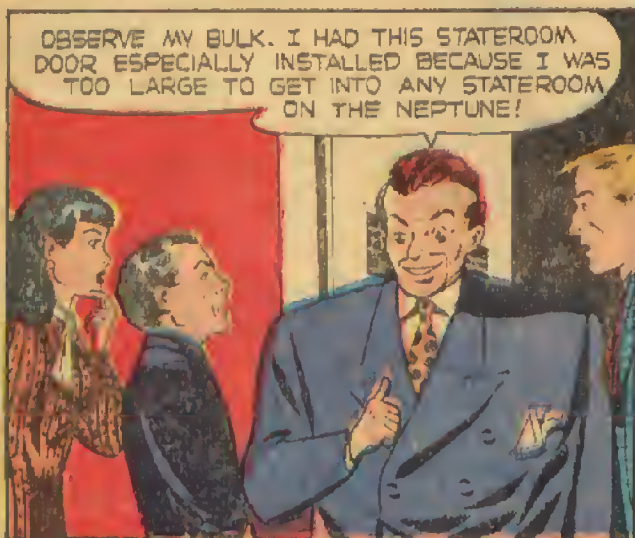
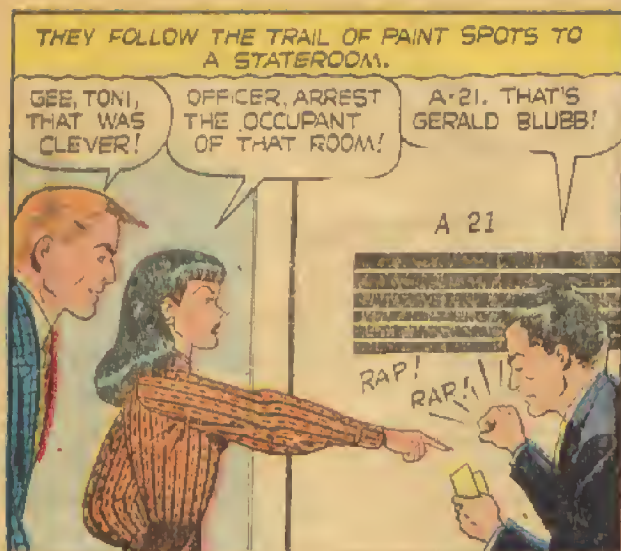
SO WHAT? STICK TO MODELING, MY GOOD WOMAN! THIS FOOLISHNESS WON'T CATCH THE CROOK! HE'S GONE!

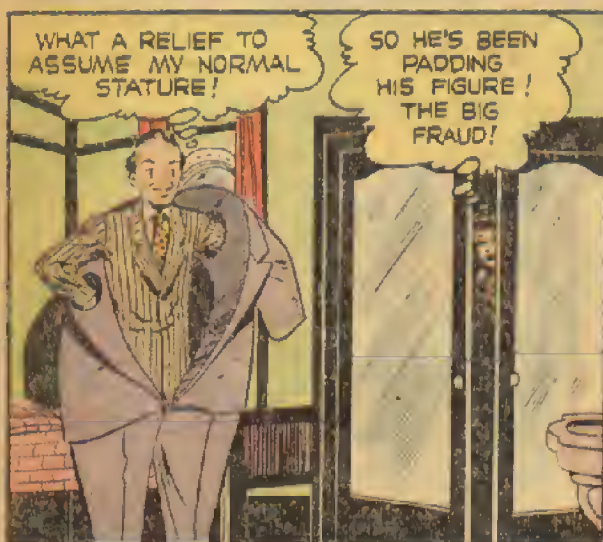


BUT HE'LL LEAVE A TRAIL! SOME SPOTS IN LILY ARE SO THIN THAT THE HEAT FROM THE CROOK'S HAND WILL MELT THEM! THE PAINT WILL DRIP OUT!

LOOK! PAINT SPOTS!

No other "Crime-fighting magazine" is like "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."

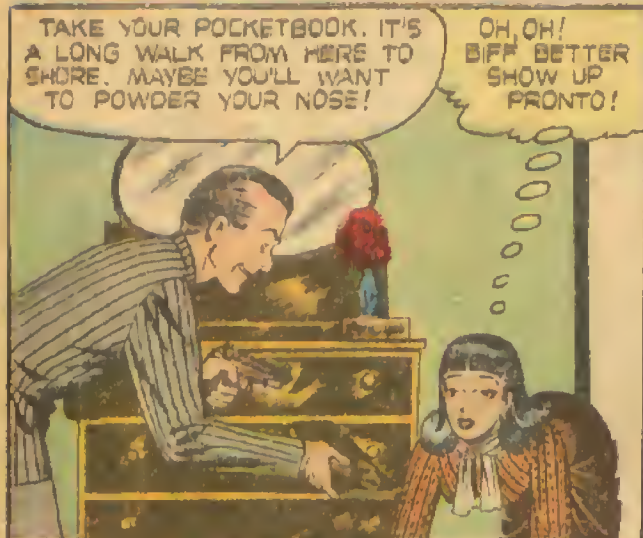




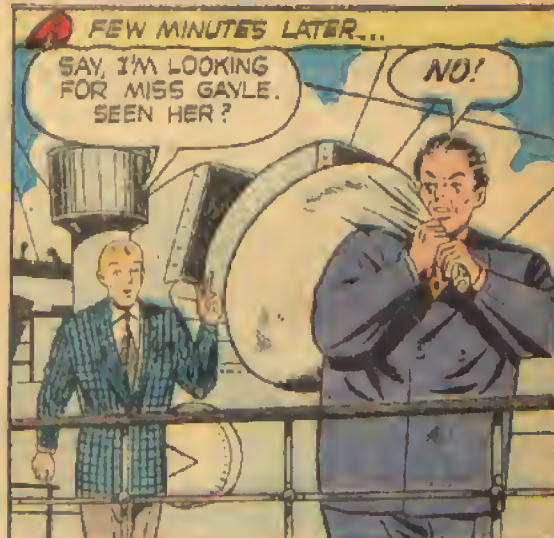
Look for "Curtis-distributed" on covers of the carefully-edited Premium Comics.



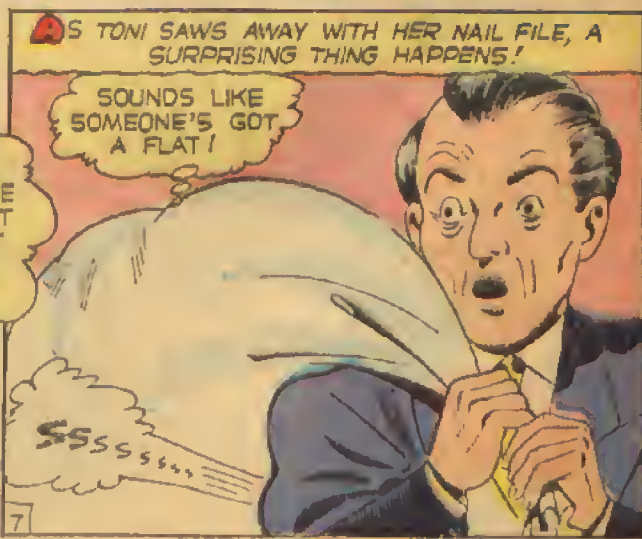
DOGGONE! I FORGOT THAT TURKEY LEFT HIS STUFFING ON THE FLOOR!

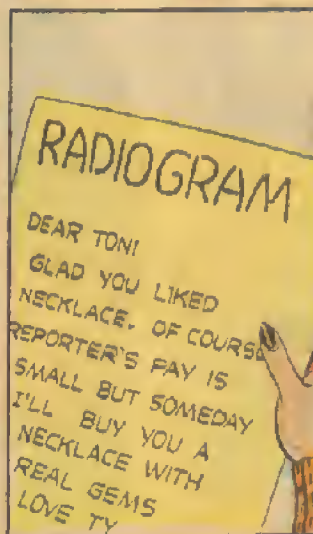
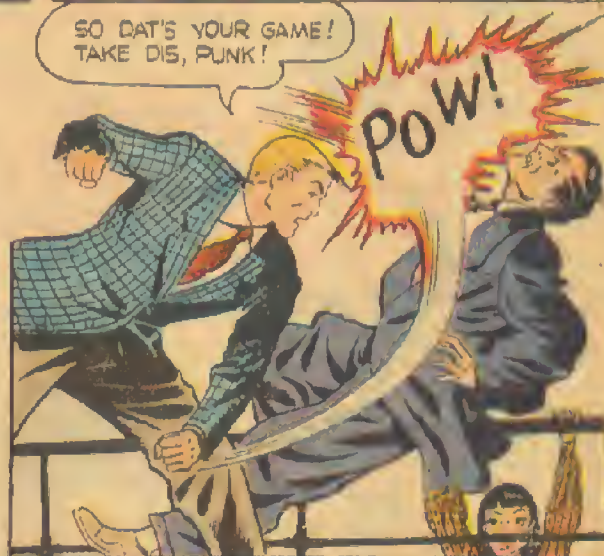
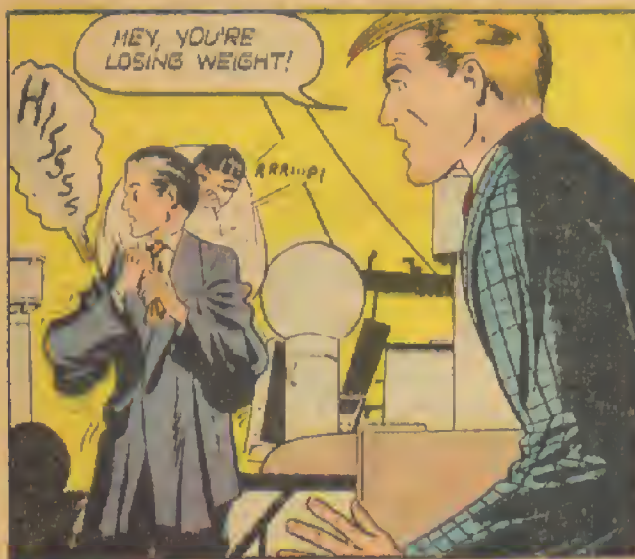


OH, OH! BIFF BETTER SHOW UP PRONTO!



THIS NAIL FILE MAY GET ME OUT OF HERE!



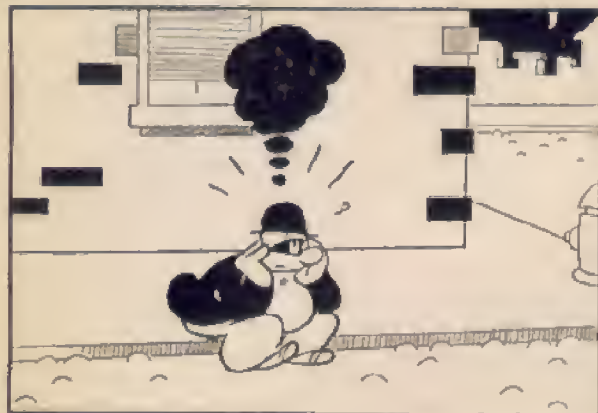
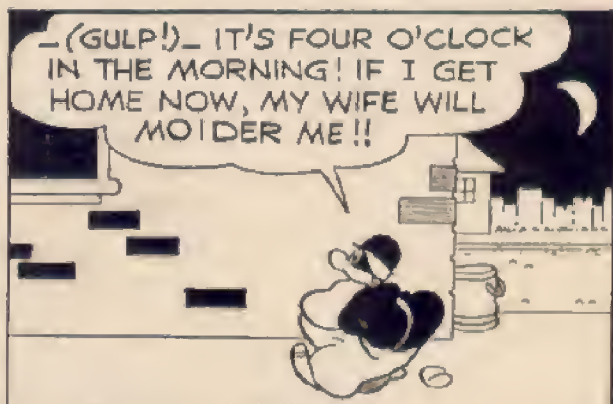


Toni Gayle stars in every issue of "GUNS AGAINST GANGSTERS."



BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT



The Christmas gift every boy and girl wants most—

...a Schwinn-Built bicycle!



What a thrill to see that shiny new bike under the tree! It's a Christmas really to remember . . . for you, and for Mom and Dad, too.

Best of all, that big beauty boasts the famous Schwinn-Built trademark! And nobody knows better than you fellows and girls how important that Schwinn label is.

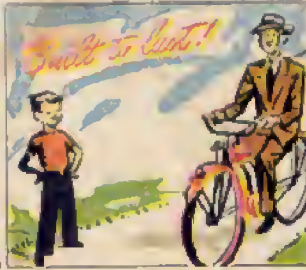
For over 50 years, Schwinn has manufactured the country's very finest bikes . . . for slick riding, for keen looks, for endurance. See the whole classy line. Find your nearest Schwinn dealer's name in the classified phone directory.



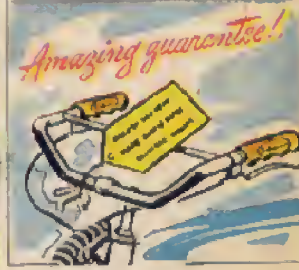
A Schwinn-Built bike is the one most kids want because it's modern . . . streamlined in every possible detail.



Schwinn-Built tubular rims can really take it . . . still run true! Frame electrically welded like Dad's car.



Schwinn-Built means "Super-Built"—only the finest materials and craftsmanship go into Schwinn-Built bicycles.



Ask about the "Long As You Own It Guarantee." It comes with every bicycle that's Schwinn-Built.

**4 TIMES AS MANY
KIDS WANT A SCHWINN
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Look for this famous seal before you buy a bike!

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